

DELICIAE MUSICÆ:

BEING, A

Collection of the newest and best SONGS,

With the Additional Musick to the *Indian Queen*,
by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*, as it is now Acted at His
Majesties Theatre. Most of the Songs be-
ing within the Compas of the *Flute*.

WITH

A Thorow-Bass, for the *Theorbo-Lute*,
- *Bass-Viol*, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

Composed by several of the Best Masters.

The First Book of the Second Volume.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for *Henry Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple-Change*, *Fleetstreet*, and for *John Church*, Sold by *Daniel Dring* at the *Harrow and Crown* at the corner of *Cliffords-Inn-Lane* in *Fleetstreet*. And also Sold at *Oxford* by *Francis Dollife* Book-binder, who Sells all other Musick-Books. 1696.

Price One Shilling.

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Vocal and Instrumental Musick lately Printed and Reprinted with large Additions, for Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple-Change.

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Proposals are Printed for a Choice Collection of Songs in 1, 2, and 3 Parts, by the Late Famous Mr. Henry Purcell, being formerly Printed in several Volumes, and not to be purchas'd under great Rates, some being out of Print, with several never yet Printed, with a Thorough-Bass, Figured for the Bass-Viol, Harpsicord, and Spinett.

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The last New Comedy call'd the She Gallants, Price 1 s. 6 d.

[I]
A Masque. in the 5th. Act of the Indian Queen.

Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Sung by Hymen.



O Bless the Genial Bed with Cha ——— ft de —

—lights, to give you hap ——— py Days and plea ——— fant, pleasant, pleasant

pleasant Nights, Lo I ap-pear to Crown your soft desires, to Crown your so ———

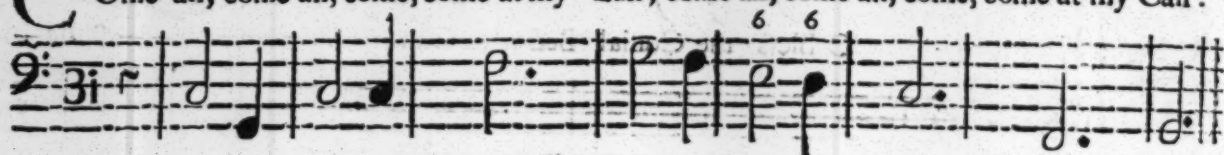
—— ft de-sires, and with this sa ——— cred Torch to Con ——— secrate, to Con ———

—— se ——— crate Love's fires, to Con ———

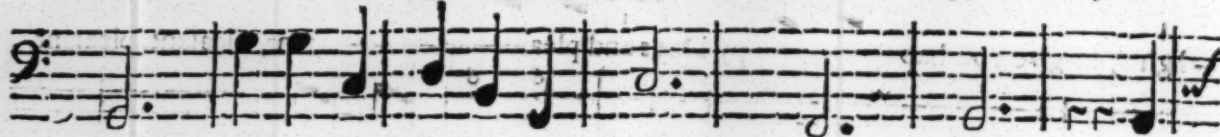
—— se ——— crate Love's fires.

A Song Sung by one of *Hymen's* followers.

Come all, come all, come, come at my Call; come all, come all, come, come at my Call:



Heroes and Lovers come, come, come a-way, come, come, come a-way, come all, come



all, and Praise this glorious Day.



CHORUS.



Come all, come all, and Sing great Hymen's Praise, come all, all, all, and Sing great Hymen's



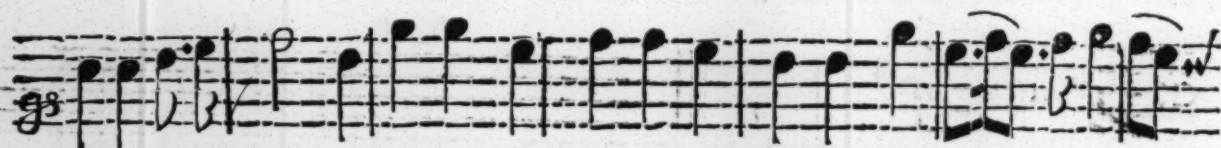
Come all, and Sing great Hymen's Praise, come all, all, all, and Sing great Hymen's



Praise; the God who makes the darkest Nights, appear more joyfull, more



Praise; the God who makes the darkest Nights, appear, appear more joy



joyfull, and more bright; than thousands, than thousands, than thousands, than thousands of Vic-



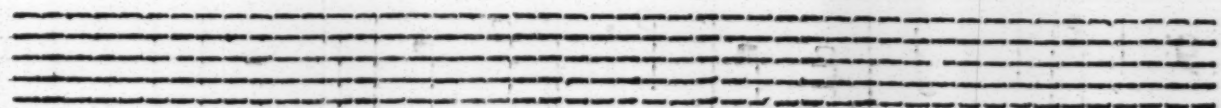
—full, and more bright; than thousands, than thou — sands of Vic —



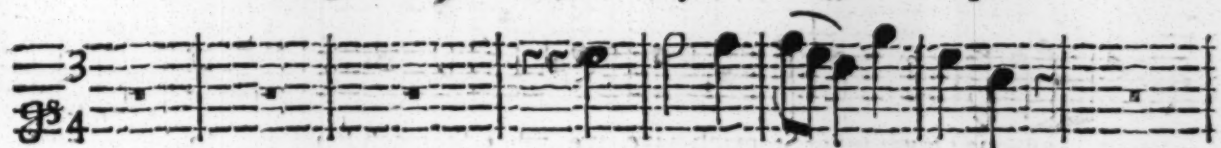
—torious days, than thousands, than thousands, thousands, than thousands of Victorious days.



—torious days, than thousands, than thou — — — — — sands of Victorious days.



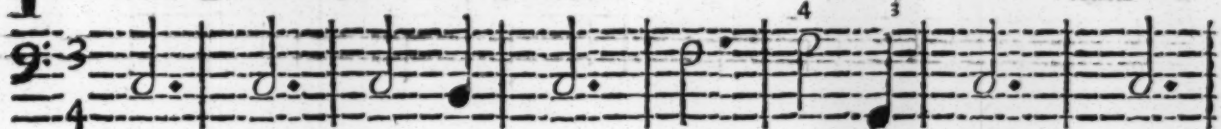
A Song, Sung to *Hymen* by a Married Couple.



Let me, let me come at him,



I'—Me glad, I'm glad I have met him, Bane of



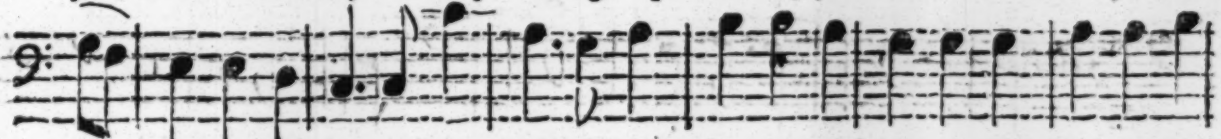
Pleasures Curse, confounded in venture of Better for Worse;



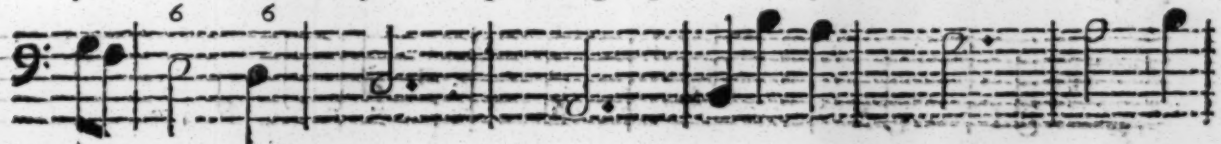
Passion, confounded, confounded in venture of Better for Worse;



you told us indeed you'd heap Blessings up—on us, you made us be-lieve you, and



you told us in-deed you'd heap Blessings up — on us, you made us be-lieve you, and



so, to have undone us; and Wailing, La-menting, Re-pent-ing, we
 so, to have un-done us; in Railing, La-menting, Re-pent-ing, we

76 75

pass all our Days; what Stomach have we, what Stomach have we to Sin-g,
 pass all our Days; what Stomach have we, what Stomach have we to Sin-g,

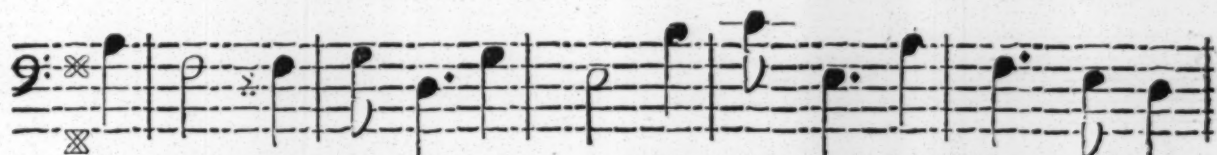
to Sing thy Praise.
 to Sing thy Praise.

A Song Sung by *Hymen*.

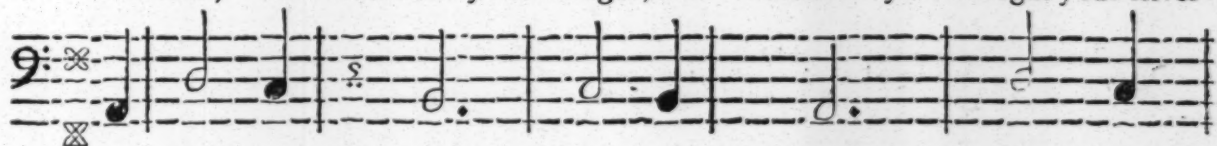
G Ood People, I'de make you all Blest if I cou'd, but he that can do't must be



more, more, more, must be more than a God; and though you think now perhaps you



are curst, I'll warrant you thought, I'll warrant you thought your selves



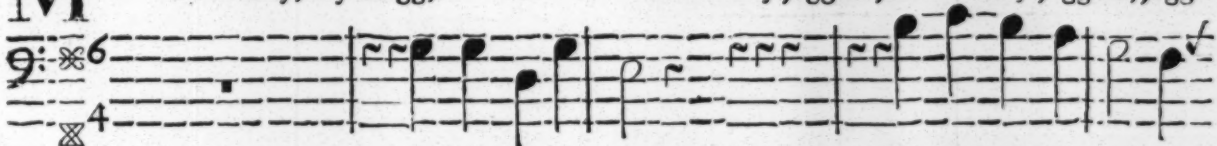
hap- py, hap- py at first.



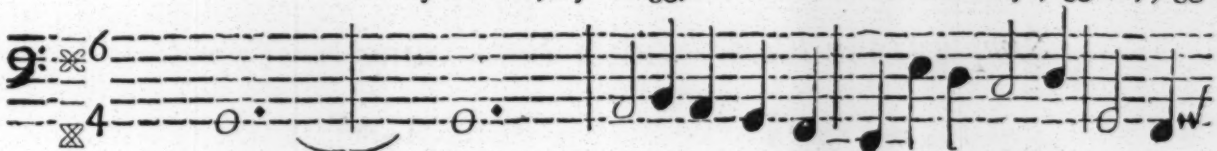
Second Song by the Married Couple.



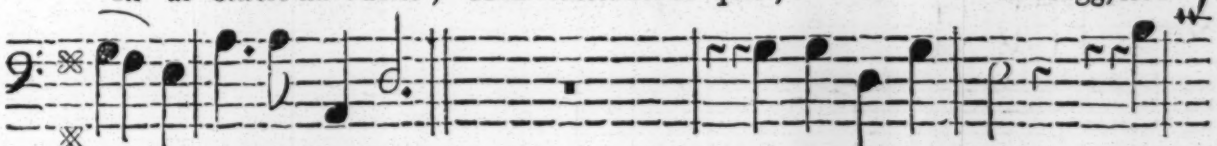
MY Hony, my Pugg, let's tamely jogg on, let's tamely jogg on, jogg



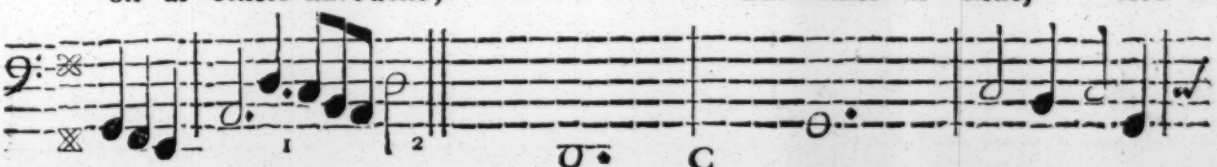
My Fetters, my Clogg, let's tamely jogg on, jogg



on as others have done; And sometimes at quiet, let's tugg, let's



on as others have done; But oftner in strife, let's





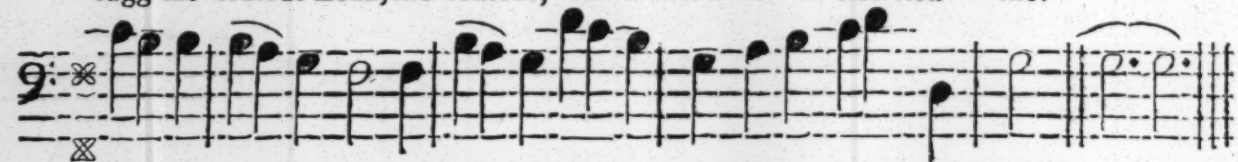
rugg the tedious Load, the tedious, tedious load of a Married life; let's rugg, let's



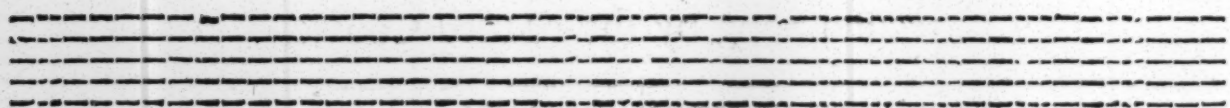
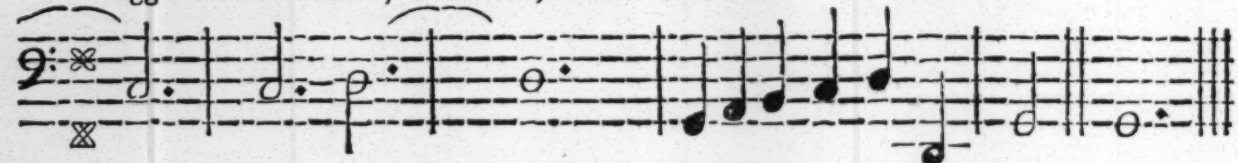
rugg the tedious Load, the tedious, tedious Load of a Married life; let's rugg, let's



rugg the tedious Load, the tedious, tedious Load of a Married life.



rugg the tedious Load, the tedious, tedious Load of a Married life.



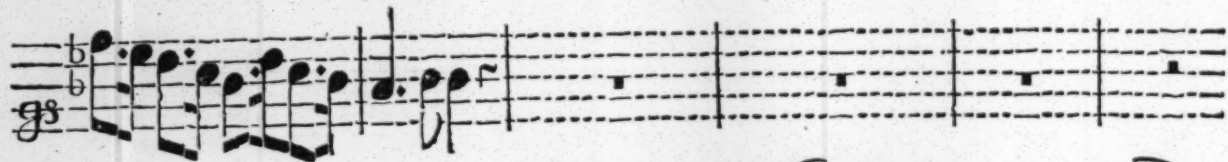
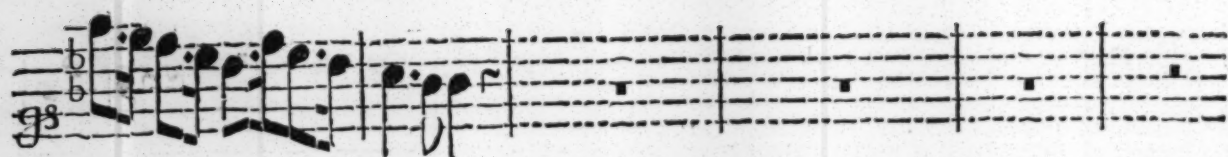
Symphony for Flutes, with a Song Sung by Cupid.



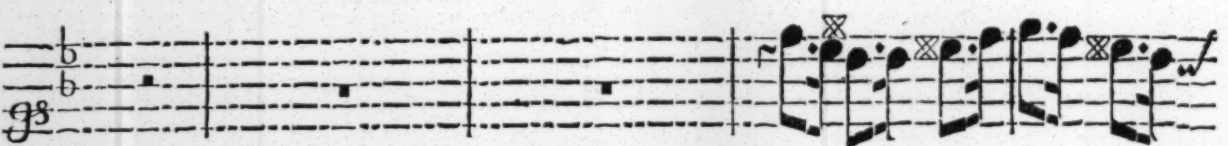
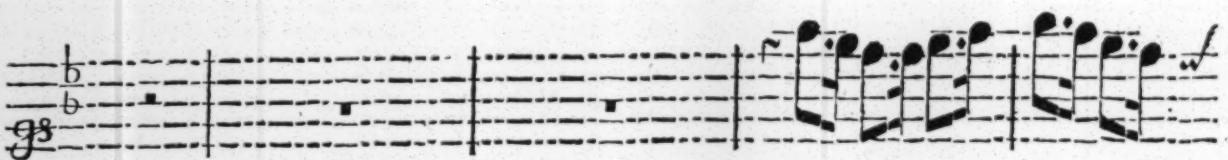
T He joys of Wedlock soon are ²past, but I, if I please, ^b

can make e'm, ma — ke e'm last, can ma —

ke e'm, ma — ke e'm, make e'm last:



Where Love's a Trade and Hearts are sold, how weak, how



weak's the Fire, how soon, how soon, how soon 'tis cold?



The flame en-creases and re—



— fines, where Vertue and where Merit joyns, where Ver — tue, where Vertue

and where Merit joyns, where Ver — tue, where Vertue and where Merit joyns.

A Song Sung by one of *Cupid's* followers.

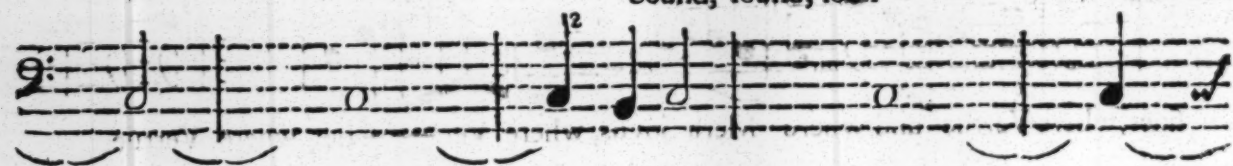
Trumpet.

S Ound, found, foun — d, foun — d the Trumpet,

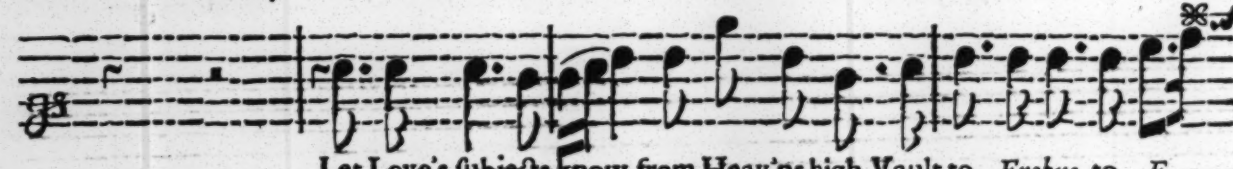
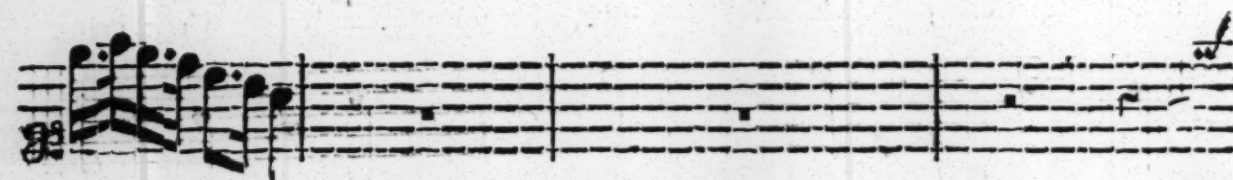
D



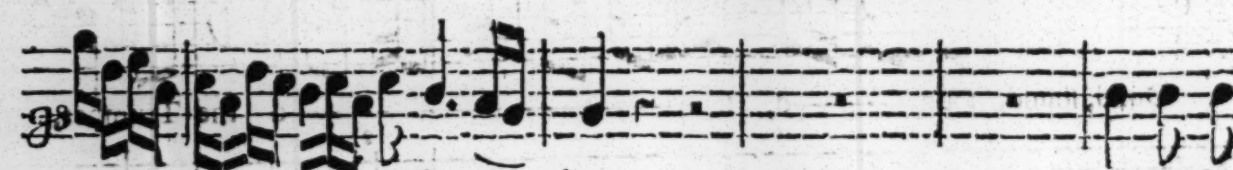
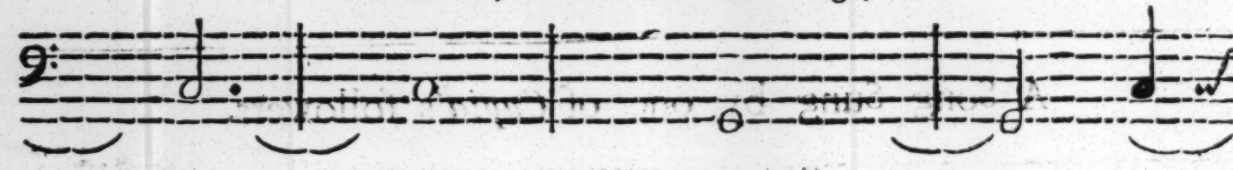
Sound, found, foun—



d the Trumpet;



Let Love's subjects know from Heav'n's high, Vault to Erebus to E—



re-bus be-low ;

that from this



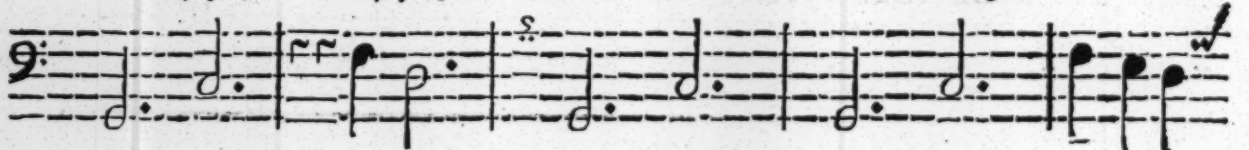
hour their Discords, their Dis - cords all shall cease ; Love, Love that can

on - ly, can only do't, will give 'em, will give 'em, give 'em, give 'em

give 'em Peace, give 'em, give 'em Peace.

A Song Sung by two of *Cupid's* followers.

Musical score for the hymn "Make haste, make haste, make haste to put on, to put on Love's". The score is written on three staves. The first staff is in G-clef (soprano), the second in C-clef (alto), and the third in F-clef (bass). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are: "Make haste, make haste, make haste to put on, to put on Love's". The first staff begins with a large "M" for the word "Make".



CHORUS.



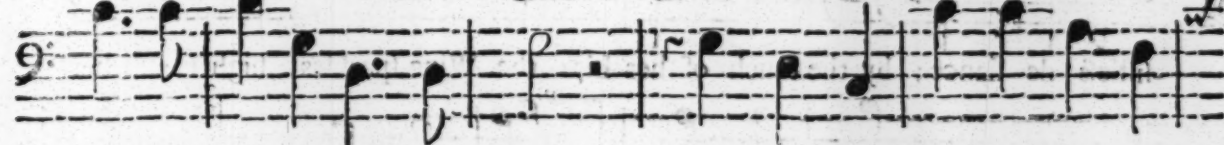
Let loud Renown with all her thousand Tongues, let loud, let loud Re-nown with



Let loud Renown with all her thousand Tongues let loud, let loud Re-nown with



all, with all her thousand Tongues, re-peat no Name, re-peat no Name, no



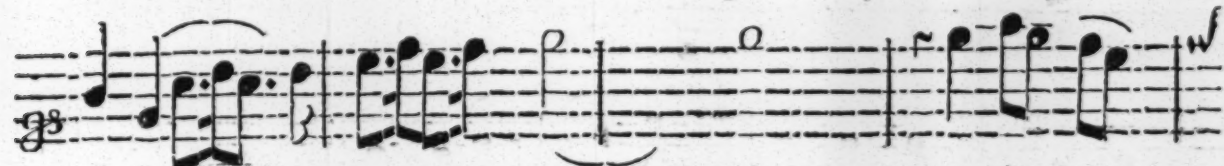
all, with all her thousand Tongues, re-peat no Name, re-peat no



no, no Name but his in her im-mortal Songs; repeat no Name no, no, no Name, but



Name, but his, but his in her im-mor-tal Songs; re-peat no Name, no Name but



his in her im-mor-tal,

in her im-



his in her im-mortal, im-mor-tal, im-



—mor-tal Songs; no, no, no Name but his in her im-mor-



—mortal Songs; no, no, no Name but his in her im-mor-



—tal, in her im-mor-tal Songs.

The end of the Masque.



tal, im-mor-tal Songs.

F

The First Song in the New Play call'd the *She Gallants*,
Sung by Mr. Coper. Sett by Mr. John Eccles.



While *Phillis* does drink, Love and Wine in al—lyance with Forces u—nited bid re—



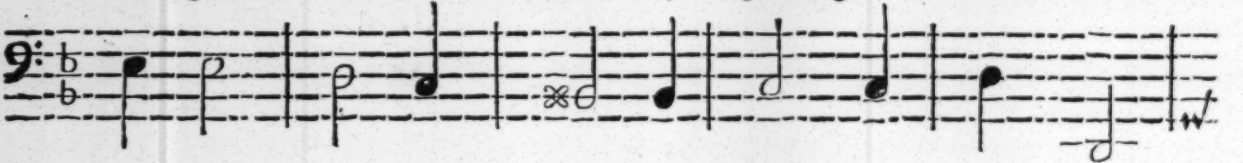
—siftles de—fiance; by the touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles higher, and her



Eyes from her drinking are double the fire: Her Cheeks glow the higher re—



—cruiting their colour, as Flowers by sparkling re—vive with fresh



Odour; his Dart dipt in Wine Love wounds beyond cureing, and the



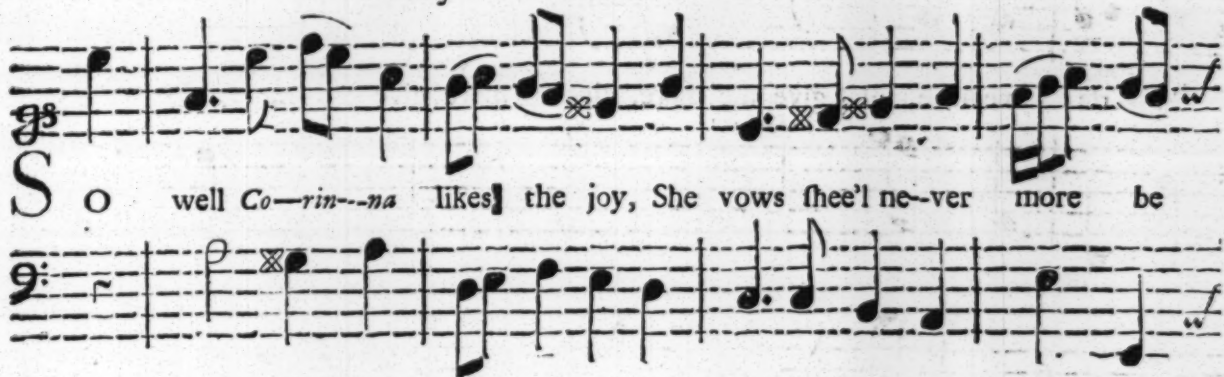
Li—quor like Oyle makes the flame more en—du—ring.



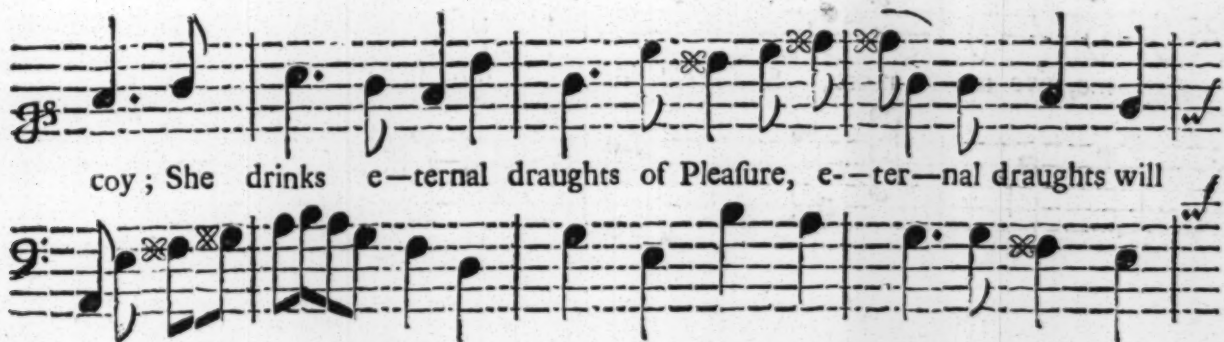
II.

By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring,
 And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and desiring;
 Relieving each other the Pleasure is lasting,
 And we now are cloy'd yet are ever a Tasting:
 Then *Phyllis* begin, let our Raptures abound,
 And a Kiss and a Glas be still going round;
 Our joys are immortal while thus we remove,
 From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

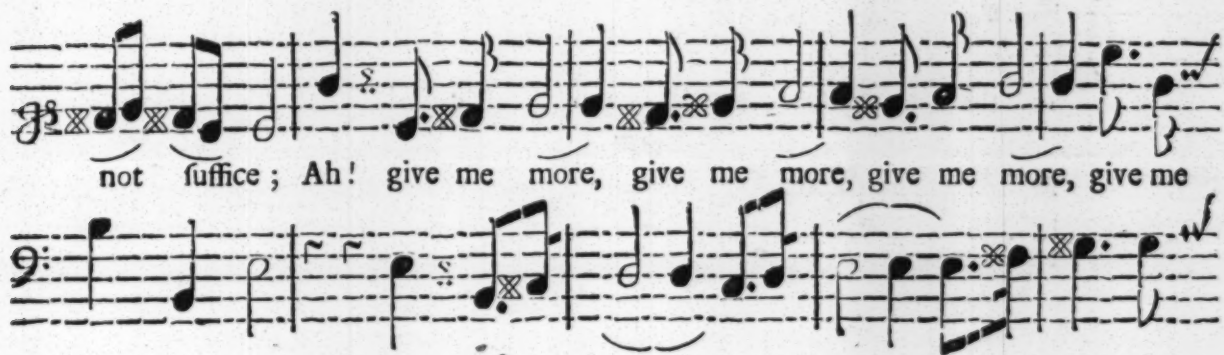
The Second Song in the *She Gallants*, Sung by Young *Laroch*
 a Boy of Seaven Years Old.



S O well Co—rin—na likes the joy, She vows shee'l ne-ver more be



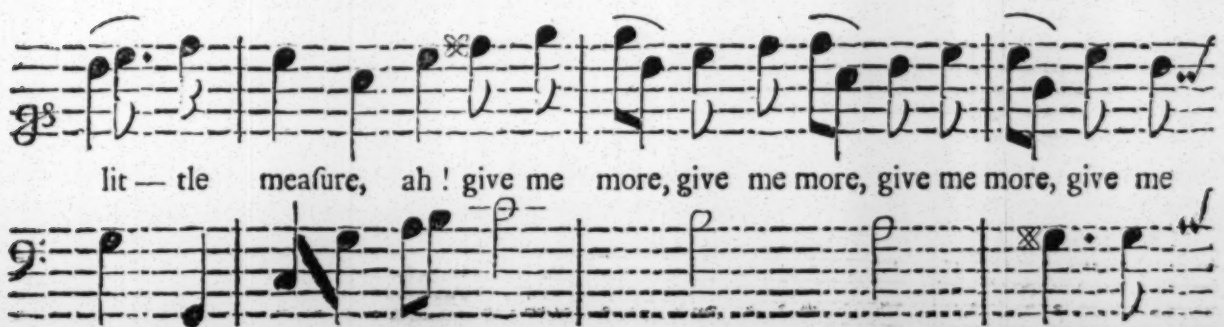
coy; She drinks e—ternal draughts of Pleasure, e—ter—nal draughts will



not suffice; Ah! give me more, give me more, give me more, give me



more, give me more She cry'd, 'tis all too little, little, little, little,



lit—tle measure, ah! give me more, give me more, give me more, give me

give me, give me more She cry'd, 'tis all too little, little, little, little,

lit-tle measure, ah! give me more, give me more, give me more, give me,

give me, give me more, She cry'd, 'tis all too little, little, little,

little, lit-tle measure; 'tis all too little, little, little, little,

lit-tle measure.

A Song, Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*, Sung in *Love's Last Shift*.

W Hat un-grate-full De—vil moves you! Come, come my Friend, the Truth de—

—clare; You Love *Sylvia*, *Sylvia* Loves you; why, why then will you Wed the Fair?

Marriage-joyning does dis—go—ver, but Love-free—ing joyns for Life: Wou'd you,

wou'd you, wou'd you Love the Nymph for ever? Never, never, never, never, never,

never let her be your Wife.

Mr. Bomans Song, Acting Goosandelo, in the *Lovers Luck*.

R Ich Mines of hot Love are Roo-ted here, flasbes of flames in my
 Eyes ap-pear; when swift as the Sun, to the Arms of *Thetis* I run, I
 run; I run, I run, I run, I run, I run, I run, to seize on my blifs, in the
 parts where it is, oh! you know, oh! you know, oh! you know where, oh!
 you know, oh! you know, oh! you know where.

II.

She laid by her Knotting with wond'rous haft,
 And took me about my well shap'd Waste;
 I envy'd not *Jove* his Celestial Throne,
 Nor all the Gods above while Kisses came on,
 And something was done,
 Which I know, which I know best.

F I N I S.